A

MASQ[illegible]

Presented by the [illegible]

Mr. Jeffery [illegible]

AND

Mr. James [illegible]

At the

New BOARDING-SC[illegible]

for Young Ladies and Gentlew[illegible]

kept in that House which w[illegible]

merly Sir *Arthur* [illegible]

AT

CHELSEY.

Written by *T. Duffett.*

——— *tutus, & intra*

Spem vensæ cautus ———

LONDON, Printed [illegible]

Beauties & Triumphs

Prologue, *ſpoken by a young Lady.*

Ladies,

Y'Are welcome, — and we hope y'are all ſharp ſet,
Good Appetites excuſe a homely Treat;
This was intended for our ſelves alone,
From whom our Maſters fear'd no cens'ring frown:
But aw'd, and dazl'd by your piercing eyes,
(For, though expected, you like Death ſurprize)
They humbly bow, — and beg a kind excuſe,
For ſtraiten'd time, and a diſorder'd Houſe;
Hoping, the want of practice, fitting dreſs,
And glorious Scenes, may make our failings leſs:
As if defects could purchaſe good ſucceſs.
This might appeaſe an accidental Gueſt;
But you'r invited, and expect a Feaſt:
Enlarged hopes, and longing looks y'have brought,
Fine Dances, Songs, and Shew, ſwell ev'ry thought:
Such things our Maſters meant; but ſtrove ſo faſt
To win the prize, we fall with too much haſt.
Like eager Gard'ners, that make Nature poſt
The Flow'rs to early births, which being forc'd,
Their ſweet perfume and native beautie's loſt.
If we miſcarry, let them feel the ſmart,
They hardly gave us time to read a Part:
Yet — if w'are out, — I fear 'twill break my heart. —
Courage! be gone dull fear, and ſullen doubt:
The Cauſe! the Cauſe we fight ſhall bear us out.
Beauties Triumph, — Beauty! your joy and care,
The crown of Peace, and the reward of War.
Ladies, Your int'reſt your aſſiſtance calls;
Your Empire's loſt if *Beauties Triumph* falls:
If any Lover his applauſe denies,
Kill the Rebel, — ſtab him with your eyes.
Sound a charge, — we'l nor take no quarter,
She that falls is Educations Martyr.

{ *Muſick*
{ *plays.*

Beauties Triumph;

A

MASQUE.

SCENE I.

The Curtain being drawn, *Fate* is diſcover'd ſitting on a Throne, dreſs'd in a dark-colour'd Robe, powder'd with Swords, Stars, Daggers, Books, Flames and Crowns, *&c.* — a Crown on his head, a Globe at his feet, and a great Book open before him: near his feet ſit the Three Fatal Siſters, one holding a Diſtaff, another Spinning and drawing out Threads, and the third cutting them. On the Stage ſtand a King and Queen crown'd, and richly habited; a Hero crown'd with Laurel, and a Slave chain'd: — near him a beautiful Lady, and a deſpairing Lover: — a man and woman, whoſe dreſs expreſs Poverty and Miſery: in the midſt of all ſtands Death, threatning with his Dart and Hour-glaſs. —— Thus all continue, while a ſolemn Ayr is play'd by Violins, Rechorders, *&c.* — which done, all but Death kneel to *Fate* and the Three Siſters.

The King and Queen ſing together.

STern Fate *relent, change thy obdurate will,*
Canſt thou without remorſe ſee Monarchs kneel?
For ev'ry moment added to our breath,
We'l ſend whole Hecatombs of Slaves to death.

This repeated by a full Chorus of Voices, and Muſick.

The Lady ſings alone.

O gentle Fate *my beauty ſpare;*
Is there no pity for the Fair?
All the Stars and the Glories my Lovers e're gave,
I'le part from to buy a releaſe from the Grave.

The Heroe riſes up and ſings.

Shall a Heroe whoſe valour no force e're o'recame,
Submit his great heart to an Aiery name?
Thou Deity of ſlaves and fools,
Let me and my Subjects alone,
Or I'le pull thee from thy gloomy Throne,
And make thy Spinſters quit their tools.

The Lover ſings, and one of the Unfortunate.

We court the fate from which they fly,
For death, for death the wretched cry,
Oh change our doom, Oh change our doom, Oh change our doom
Or let us dye.

Chorus of the Lover, Slave, and the two Unfortunate.

We court, &c.

Fate ſings.

Mortals give o're,
In vain like raging Seas your paſſions roar,
In vain for pity you implore:
The fix'd decrees which Fate has paſs'd,
No threats or pray'rs can ſtop or haſt;
The Vaſſal ſhall tread
On the Conquerour's head;
And the Beggar that lies
In the duſt ſhall ariſe
To a Crown,
While Uſurpers and Tyrants fall down:

Fate *crops the gayeſt, ſweeteſt Roſe,*
While the prickly Thiſtle grows;
The creeping Bramble ſtill looks green,
When he lops the lofty Pine:
Some ſhall love and ſigh in vain,
For her that is by others ſlighted,
And the coyeſt Nymphs diſdain
Shall be requited
By as proud a Swain.
Some ſhall dye laughing, and ſome ſhall dye ſad,
For the deformed the fair ſhall be mad,
And the glittering Scepter be chang'd to a Spade.

Chorus of Fate and the Three Siſters.

Some ſhall, &c.
For the deformed, &c.
And the glittering, &c.

A Dance.

In which Death kills the King and Queen, the Slave ſtabs the Hero, the Unfortunate ſeize the Crowns, and the Lady courts her deſpis'd Lover.

Fate ſings.

With cares and contrivance their Fate to avoid,
Men loſe the ſhort pleaſures that may be enjoy'd;
Their fears are too ſwift, and their wiſhes too late,
For nothing can alter the dictates of Fate.

Chorus by Fate and the Three Siſters.

With cares, &c.

While the Chorus is ſinging, the Stage is clear'd of the reſt. *Fate* ſpurns the Globe, throws down his Book, and riſes in anger; the Three Siſters follow him.

Fate.

Give o're ——
Spin no more lives, burn all the ſacred Tow,
Let haſty births to ſudden ſun'rals go,
Till the vaſt world a ſecond Chaos know.

1 Siſter.

Dread King of all the skies great lights, diſcloſe

2 Siſter.

What weighty cauſe
Obſtructs thy Laws,

3 Siſter.

What does thy haughty ſpirit diſcompoſe?

Fate.

Juno *and* Pallas *with proud* Venus *joyn,*
The awfull Throne of Fate *to undermine:*
Ingrateful pow'rs! I'le break your cloſe deſign.
Hoe Diſcord! *hoe!* —— (Enter Diſcord.
Whence com'ſt thou, Mignion, from the ſhades below?
Or from dark caves where ſtruggling winds do grow?

Diſcord.

Ah — no!
In Courts and Cities now I dwell;
The ſullen man and wanton wife,
Have more imployment found for ſtrife,
Then all the winds
The Seaman finds,
Or all the Fiends in Hell.

Chorus. *The ſullen man,* &c.

Fate.

From the Heſperian *Tree with nimble wing,*
The faireſt, largeſt golden Apple bring:
Haſt! haſt! I ſeal'd the watchfull Dragons eyes.

Diſcord.

Great Ruler of the World, thy Servant flies.

Exit Diſcord.

Fate.

Fate.

When power and wiſedom with beauty unite,
Mankind will be drown'd in ſuch Seas of delight,
My frowns they'l deſpiſe, and my favours they'l ſlight.
Proud Deities, dare you oppoſe my Yoke,
When your poor petty Cobweb plots are broke?
I'le make you cringe and tremble at my ſtroke.
The fierceſt Gods with all their Titles ſwell'd,
Ev'n Jove *himſelf to* Deſtiny *ſhall yield.*

Chorus of Fate and the Three Siſters.

The fierceſt Gods, &c.
Ev'n Jove, &c.

Enter *Diſcord* with a golden Apple; *Fate* writes on it, and gives it her again.

Fate.

Be gone, to Ida's *flow'ry Mount make haſt,*
There thou ſhalt find
Three Goddeſſes joyn'd,
And by Concord *embrac'd;*
Before their eyes this guilded poiſon caſt:
Take all the Furies *with fierce Adders curl'd,*
Let their envenom'd ſpight a' round be hurl'd,
And ghaſtly miſchief fright the ſleepy world.

Chorus.

Take all the Furies, &c.

Exeunt Fate and the Three Siſters.

Diſcord.

What hoe! you diſmal haggs, ——
What hoe! you diſmal haggs, — *that hate the light,*
Daughters of dreadful Styx, and dreary Night;
You ſnakie Siſters riſe with threatning hands,
Shake your ſteel'd whips, and wave your ſmoakie brands.

Enter the Three Furies.

1 Fur. *The news,* — 2. *The news,* — 3. *The news,*
All. *The news, fierce* Diſcord, *quickly tell the news.*

Diſcord.

Liſten dire meſſengers of angry fate.

(All whiſper and mutter together.

1 Fur. *Enough,* 2. *Enough,* 3. *Enough, we will about it ſtrait.*
All. *Enough, we will about it ſtrait.*

A Song in two Stanza's.

Diſc. *Lean Vertue ſhall down with her barren reward,*
When Diſcord *comes on ſhe'l no longer be heard.*
1 Fur. *Great Power, and Wiſedom, and Beauty we'l ſever,*
2 Fur. *And ſingly deſtroy what would conquer together:*
3 Fur. *The fair ſhall be fooliſh, the wiſe ſhall be mad,*
And by their deluſions the great be miſled.

Chorus. *The fair,* &c.

Diſc. *The Gallant ſhall ſwear, and the Nymph ſhall be kind,*
But both ſhall prove falſe to the Love they deſign'd:
1 Fur. *The wiſe ſhall for power and wealth be too zealous;*
2 Fur. *The great of their plotting and pride ſhall be jealous.*
3 Fur. *And when the whole World's in confuſion again,*
The Furies *and* Diſcord *ſhall pleaſantly reign.*

Chorus. *And when,* &c.

A Dance by *Diſcord* and the *Furies.*

Exeunt all.

The Scene is chang'd to a pleaſant Landſchape of a flowrie Mountain, *&c. Juno, Pallas* and *Venus* enter, attended by *Iris* and many Nymphs; the Goddeſſes lay their hands on a Garland of Laurel, Bayes and Myrtle. — It Thunders and Lightens. — —

[*All this Scene is Spoken.*]

Juno. Our Sacred Union all the Gods approve,
And ſend this thundring meſſage from above,
To grace the Siſter and the Wife of *Jove.*
Iris my ſwift Embaſſadreſs, be gone,
Clap thy light wings and ſhining colours on,
And let our Union round the world be known.

Iris. Great Queen of Gods, and Empreſs of the Skies,
Whoſe fair plum'd team adorn'd with *Argus* eyes,
Eclipſe the ſplendour of my brighteſt Dyes:
My painted Throne with watry Clouds I'le build,
Which with more various colours ſhall be fill'd,
Then flowrie Springs, or gaudy Summers yield.
When wondring Mortals from their houſes run,
To ſee my Glories far out-ſhine the Sun,
The will of Royal *Juno* ſhall be known.

Juno. Rich Embaſſies the wills of Kings declare:
What then ſhould mine, to whom great Monarchs are
Like twinkling Glow-worms to the Morning-Star?

(Juno *and* Iris *ſeem to talk together.*

Venus. Is this the Union, this the equal ſway?
I'le rather *Fate*'s than *Juno*'s pow'r obey:
The will of Royal *Juno* —— ——
And is not *Venus* worthy of a name?
My Beautie's greater, and as great my Fame.

Pallas. Fair Queen of Love, let not the raſh miſtake
Of that untutor'd Maid a diff'rence make;
My honour is an equal ſuff'rer made,
And with your fame ſhall *Pallas* ſhine or fade:
But let not Paſſion be too faſt obey'd.
Paſſion commits more crimes then it can find,
It ſhakes the ſoul like a tempeſtuous wind;
The Senſes ſlave, but Tyrant of the mind.

Venus. Siſter of much-lov'd *Mars*, Goddeſs of Arms,
Thy Prudence conquers whom thy Beauty warms,
I yield as all muſt to thy pow'rfull charms.

Pallas. *Juno* does private pow'r in vain purſue,
While Beauties Goddeſs is to *Pallas* true;
Beauty and Wit the higheſt pow'rs ſubdue.
Juno, to Iris. Thou doſt the full of our great purpoſe know,
Aſcend and from thy party-colour'd bow,
Proclaim it to the liſt'ning world below. *Exit Iris.*
Now *Fate*, deluded mortals ſhall no more
Dread thy feign'd Laws, and thy fantaſtick pow'r,
But with glad hearts our ſacred Shrines adore.
Our Rites were loſt, our Temples were prophan'd,
No Praiſe or Sacrifice our Altars gain'd,
No pow'r, forſooth, could change what *Fate* ordain'd.
Pallas. So far this wild Impoſture has been hurl'd,
Gypſies and Star-gazers command the world.
Venus. Th'are *Fate*'s Viceroys, diſpoſe of ev'ry heart;
From Sacred Love the giddy Youth depart,
And marry by the Stars: — vain rules of Art.
Juno. *Juno*'s not call'd to kindle *Hymen*'s fire,
And bleſs the Nuptial-bed with chaſt deſire,
But *Fate* with *Avarice* baſe knots conſpire.
Pallas. Then bloudy *Diſcord* with a Helliſh throng
Of Furies, houl the *Hymeneal* Song,
And make the hated Marriage-night ſeem long.
Juno. They riſe, ſeek lawleſs Love in ſev'ral rooms,
And cry, Alas! who can avoid their dooms?
Thus rigid *Fate* a gentle Bawd becomes.
Venus. Then with unhallow'd breath they ſpot my name,
And on my Innocence would lay their ſhame;
I cheriſh none but chaſt and virtuous flame.
Juno. The lazie drone lies ſtretch'd upon the floor,
Cries, *Deſtiny* compels him to be poor:
He lyes, — What am not I the Queen of Pow'r?
Pallas. The wild debauch 'gainſt Heav'n makes open War,
And lays his crimes upon his harmleſs Star,
As if that caus'd that did the guilt declare.
Juno. Mankind no more in ſlav'ry ſhall remain,
Long baniſh'd Juſtice ſhall to Earth again,
And Vertue o're inſulting Fate ſhall reign.

I'le

I'le give her pow'r unlimited to share
The higheſt bleſſings of the Field or Chair,
Among the good, the painfull, chaſt and fair.
Pall. Prudence I'le give, and an enlighten'd mind,
To teach her where ſhe may be wiſely kind.
Ven. Beauty I'le give in blooming youth enſhrin'd;
Beauty which Monarchs more than Empire prize,
Which makes the Hero brave, and States-man wiſe;
For which the wretched lives, and happy dies.
Juno. Fortune ſhall ſtill command the ign'rant Fool,
But thoſe that live in ſpotleſs Virtue's School,
O're the ſevereſt Deſtiny ſhall rule.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Hail mighty Queens of conquer'd Fate.
Juno. Quickly thy progreſs and ſucceſs relate.
Iris. No ſooner from my arched Throne,
Which with unuſual Beauties ſhone,
Fate's ſudden fall proclaim,
Ev'ry word by greedy Fame
Was to a thouſand ecchoes ſent,
And poſted through each Element;
Like Lightning 'twas diſpers'd a-round,
And Thunder ecchoʼd from the ground:
Such joyfull ſhouts were upward ſent,
As ſhook Heav'ns lofty battlements:
My painted bow their vigour felt,
And to a pearlie ſhow'r did melt.
Hearkʼ! the impatient Crowd draws near, [*Muſick heard.*
To let their lofty joys appear;
Two of Fate's notorious cheats,
About the Mount the Rabble beats.
Juno. In yondʼ bright cloud conceal'd let's lye,
While the rejoycing Crowd paſs by.

Exeunt omnes.

After a flouriſh of Violins, Recorders, Flajolets, &c. an Aſtrologer with a Globe in his hand, and a Fortune-telling woman enter, purſu'd by Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, to which all Dance, and drive off the Aſtrologer and woman.

Be gone you Deluders, your Traffick is o're,
Your Figures and Canting ſhall cheat us no more.

Song by a Shepherdeſs.

Come, come away,
To ſolemnize this happy day;
With joyfull cries
Let's rend the skies,
For Fortune's fall is Virtue's riſe.

Chorus of all with Muſick. *Come, come away,* &c.

2 Shepherdeſs ſings.

Sing, ſing alond,
And you that love the coy or proud,
No more complain,
But chuſe again,
For Fate muſt yield to Virtue's reign.

Chorus. *Sing, ſing aloud,* &c.

Song by a Shepherd.

Fortune's a drab, though the fool and the knave
Proclaim her a Goddeſs, and Court her;
Becauſe they deſerve not the bleſſings they have,
They think the blind Quean their ſupporter:
But the wiſe and the brave
Still make her a ſlave,
They laugh at her frowns and her favour,

And now the deceiver
Is ruin'd for ever,
Her Cracks and her Cullies ſhall leave her.
The Jilt to her own rouling-wheel ſhall be ty'd,
And the three Fatal Siſters be hang'd in their thread.

Chorus. *The Jilt*, &c.

A Dance by a Shepherd alone.

Song by a Shepherd.

I love and am lov'd, but dare not declare
The beauty that reigns in my breaſt,
She's ſmoother then Lillies, ſhe's ſofter then Air,
She's all that can make a man bleſt:
But alas ſhe's confin'd to the pleaſure
Of one more unhappy then I;
An Indian that knows not the worth of his treaſure,
But ſlights that for which I would dye.

The Dragon ſtill wakes, and guards with fierce eyes
The fruit which he cares not to taſt,
But Virtue and Honour are watchfuller ſpies,
Their tyranny ever will laſt:
When in ſecret our flames we diſcover,
We bow to the Laws they ordain,
How ſhort are the joys of a virtuous Lover,
But Ah there's no end of his pain!

A Dance by a Shepherdeſs alone.

A Song by a Shepherd and Shepherdeſs.

Shepherd.

Joy ſits ſmiling on each brow,
In each dimpl'd cheek's a furrow,
Made by mirth to bury ſorrow;
All are happy, — All are happy now,

Only Celia's *cruel, cruel, cruel eye,*
Dooms Amintor *ſtill to dye.*
1 Shep. *Poor* Amintor's *doom'd to dye.*
2 —— *Poor* Amintor's *doom'd to dye.*
3 —— *Poor* Amintor's *doom'd to dye.*
All Shep. Chorus. *Only* Celia's, &c.

Shepherdeſs.

Oh Amintor *hide thy pains,*
If thy tempting tongue had won me,
Lawleſs paſſion had undone me,
Sacred Virtue, — *Sacred Virtue reigns.*
All that Virtue, All that Virtue grants I'le give,
For thy hopeleſs love I'le grieve,
1 Shep. *And* Amintor *ſtill ſhall live.*
2 —— Celia *bids* Amintor *live.*
3 —— Celia *bids*, &c.
Chorus. *All that Virtue*, &c.

Shepherd.

Then the longing eyes may gaze,
In each others beams uniting,
And the trembling hands uniting,
Break not Virtues, — *Break not Virtues Laws.*
Chaſteſt Veſtals, Chaſteſt Veſtals thus may kiſs,
Thus may Saints repeat their bliſs,
1 Shep. *Virtue will not bluſh at this.*
2 —— *Virtue will*, &c.
3 —— *Virtue will*, &c.
Chorus. *Chaſteſt Veſtals*, &c.

Shepherdeſs.

Hold, fond Shepherd, keep thy vow,
Love deny'd 's an humble waiter,
But a bold inſulting traytor,
When the Virtuous, — *when the Virtuous bow.*

Dear

Dear Amintor, *Dear* Amintor *pray give o're,*
Celia *cannot grant thee more,*
Alas she would but has not pow'r.
1 Shep. *Virtue, makes thy* Celia *poor.*
2 —— *Virtue,* &c.
3 —— *Virtue,* &c.
Chorus. *Dear* Amintor, &c.

A Dance to the following Song, the Recorders and Flajolets playing.

Song.

Let's love, and let's laugh, let's dance, and let's sing,
While shrill ecchoes ring,
Our wishes agree, and from cares we are free,
Then who are so happy, so happy as we.

We press the soft Grass, each Swain with his Lass,
Or follow the chase,
When weary we be, we sleep under a Tree,
And who are so happy, so happy as we.

By flatt'ry or fraud no Shepherd's betray'd,
Or cheats the fond Maid,
No false supple knee to deceive us we see,
Then who are so happy, so happy as we.

We envy no pow'r, nor cannot be poor,
Who wish for no more;
Some richer may be, and of higher degree,
But none are so happy, so happy as we.

The three Furies rise up in the middle of them, and fright them all off: — Then the Furies dance, — *&. Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Juno, Pallas *and* Venus, *embracing:* Diſcord *enters obſerving them.*

[Diſcord *ſpeaks this.*]

Now injur'd Fate thy gloomy den forſake,
Raiſe all thy forces from the Stygian Lake;
Thy foes are mighty, and thy Crown's the ſtake.
Burning Ambition and revengefull Pride,
Heart-gnawing Envy, and all ill beſide,
Attend, and Hell and Furies be your guide. } Diſcord *throws*
Hoh, ho, ho, hoe, 'tis done, 'tis done: } *the Golden Apple,*
Methinks I ſee the frighted world look pale, } *which the God-*
And Nature to her ſecret manſion crawl, } *deſſes ſtrive for,*
As if ſhe fear'd an everlaſting fall. } *and go off.*
To *Ida's* Mount the ſtriving pow'rs retire;
Prophetick Spirits my hot brains inſpire,
And ſwell my thoughts with ruine, blood and fire.
Venus obtains the prize from *Priam's* Son:
Good, good, then Rapes and Murthers ſhall be done,
Whoſe ſtories ſhall make future Ages groan.
Now Fate, let thy tormenting Furies reſt,
Since my wild Empire's fix'd in ev'ry breaſt,
The Goddeſſes themſelves ſhall do the reſt.
Virtue ſhall into ſeveral factions fall;
Strictneſs, Pride; Freedom, it ſhall Looſeneſs call:
Where *Diſcord* raigns, ſwift ruine ſwallows all.

Exit Diſcord.

Muſick plays.

Enter *Paris* and *Oenone*, crown'd with Garlands of Flowers, with Sheep-hooks in their hands, attended by Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Song in Dialogue.

Paris.

Tell me deareſt Oenone,
Why ſuch ſadneſs clouds my Sun;

A pearly deluge from thy eyes,
Spreads thy roſie cheeks around,
Where poor Cupid *mourning lyes,*
To ſee his World of beauty drown'd.

Oenone.

Oh my Paris, *Oh my Swain,*
Thou darling of the flow'ry Plain,
I fear — But Ah my grief's too much to ſpeak,
I fear, I fear my ſwelling heart will break.

Paris.

Has the fierce Woolf devour'd a bleating Lamb,
Or robb'd the Fondling of his Dam?

Oenone.

Ah! — no, thoſe loſſes are
Which changing time or prudent care
Would ſoon repair.

Paris.

Say what does thy heart invade,
I conjure thee, charming Maid,
By thoſe ſecret Bowers,
Which the twining Myrtles ſhade;
By thoſe banks of flowers,
Where our ſacred vows were made;
By the Spring, and by the Grove,
And by the ſoft delights of Love.

Oenone.

Among the ſweets this Garland bears,
Say which the greateſt glory wears.

Paris.

That — —
Whoſe bright leaves round yellow ſeeds are grown,
Like ſparkling Gems about a Golden Crown.

Oenone.

That does my ſudden ſorrow move,
It will I fear thy Emblem prove,
That gaudy flower's call'd Shepherd's Love.

How far his ſweet perfumes do ſpread,
How proudly ſhines his painted head:
A dazling Crown's leſs gay then this,
And that excels Arabian *Spice.*

Chorus. *How far,* &c.
How proudly, &c.
A dazling, &c.
And that, &c.

Paris.

My Shepherdeſs more glorious ſhews,
And ſweeter breath perfumes her vows.

Oenone.

But e're yond' Sun the world ſurvey,
And chaſe a ſecond night away,
This glory of the Spring will fade,
And ſhrink into perpetual ſhade.

Paris.

His ſtalk will ſtoop,

Oenone.

His head will droop,

Paris.

His fragrant ſcents will fly;

Oenone.

His beauteous leaves no more will ſhine,

Paris.

But this proud Shepherds love will die,

Oenone.

And ſo alas, and ſo I fear will thine.

Paris.

The Sun ſhall be fix'd, the Earth ſhall remove,
But never ſhall Paris *be falſe to his Love.*

Oenone.

And will you always be thus kind to me?

Paris.

By all thoſe powers that our actions ſee
I will. ——

Oenone.

Yet! yet! yet you may deceive.

Paris.

O cruel! will you ne're believe?

Oenone.

I do, I do, and will no longer grieve.

Paris.

We'l love while we live, and we'l live without care,
Together we'l dye, and we'l make but one Star,
To which happy Lovers ſhall offer their pray'r.

Chorus of all Voices and Inſtruments.

We'l love,
Together, } &c.
To which,

A Dance.

Enter Iris *and ſpeaks to* Paris.

Iris. Hail thou moſt beauteous youth, hail Princely Swain!
Thou pride of Shepherds, glory of the Plain!
The motto on this Golden Apple writ,
Three pow'rfull Goddeſſes at ſtrife has ſet;
Let it be giv'n to her that is moſt fair,
Thy prudent Judgment muſt their right declare.
To thee their doubtfull Titles they ſubmit,
Thou now art Lord of Beauty, Pow'r, and Wit.

Enter Juno, Pallas, *and* Venus, *attended by a great Train.*

Juno.

Spoken. If for *Juno* thou declare,
Crowns and Empire are thy ſhare;
Laurels on thy brow I'le ſhow'r,
And all the tempting ſweets of pow'r.

Enter a *Spaniard*, with a Crown in one hand and a Laurel in the other, he lays them at *Paris*'s feet.

Song in praiſe of Power.

Oh how ſweet it is to reign!
How delightfull 'tis to ſee
The begging eye and bended knee,
To hear the guilded Palace ring
With praiſes of the King:
Kings are Gods, and from the lofty Throne,
On all the reſt of men look down;
All bow to them, but they ſubmit to none.
With frowns they kill,
And with a ſmile
More raviſhing delights they move,
Then all the fading ſweets of Love.
Pleaſure and Treaſure and Beauty are theirs,
To ſweeten their Cares;
All Nature gives or Art can find,
To pleaſe the ſenſe and eaſe the mind,
The Gods for Monarchs did ordain:
Oh how ſweet it is to reign!

The *Spaniard* dances a Saraband in honour of *Juno*, —
Et Exit.

Enter an *Amazon* with a Mitre and Sword, which ſhe lays at *Paris*'s feet.

Pallas.

Spoken. If *Pallas* gain the envy'd prize,
Though thou to Empire doſt not riſe,
Great Monarchs ſhall yield
To thy Counſel at home, and thy Sword in the field.

Song in praiſe of Wiſdom.

Why ſhould ſhort-liv'd mortals ſtrive to gain
Guilded cares and glorious pain,
'Tis not powers boundleſs ſway,
Nor all the guards that wait upon
A ſhining Throne,
Can drive intruding care away.
Wiſdom's ſacred pow'r can bind
The raging paſſions of the mind,
He that has attain'd to that,
Is the Emperour of Fate.
Rough tempeſts that make Kingdoms roul,
Againſt his breaſt in vain do beat,
They cannot ſhake his fixed ſoul,
But muſt like vanquiſh'd waves retreat.
No reſtleſs wiſh, no trembling fear,
Or fierce deſpair can enter there;
Vain love, cold death, or haſty time,
Have neither darts nor wings for him;
When life forſakes his quiet breaſt,
He does but change his place of reſt:
'Tis he, 'tis he alone is bleſt.

The *Amazon* dances in honour of *Pallas*, — & *Exit.*

Enter a beautifull well-dreſs'd Woman, with a Garland of Flowers, and a wounded Heart, which ſhe lays at *Paris* his feet.

Venus.

Spoken. If thou grant'ſt the prize to me,
None ſhall be ſo bleſt as thee;
Killing eyes and charming faces,
Beauties deck'd with all the Graces,
Shall ſubmit to thy embraces.

Song in praise of Beauty.

When Beauty arm'd with smiling eyes,
And in betraying features dresst,
For wandring hearts in Ambush lyes,
She beats the valiant, cheats the wise,
And gains a Throne in ev'ry breast;
To so many bright forms she varies her shape,
No God nor no Hero can ever escape.
Who pleasing looks and mirth disdain,
She wounds with more Majestick Art,
And where the haughty meen proves vain,
Such pearlie show'rs of tears she'l rain,
As can dissolve the hardest heart:
So deep is her cunning, so sweet is hes stroke,
That all must be subject to Beauties soft yoke.
But Oh how sweet 'tis to possess
The secret wishes beauty move,
The joys no language can express,
Nor any wretched mortal guess,
That has not try'd successful love;
Such raptures of pleasure from Beauty proceed,
That none but true Lovers are happy indeed.

The Lady dances in honour of *Venus*, — *& Exit.*

Song by *Paris.*

The wise and the great
To Beauty submit,
It reigns in the Study, and conquers in fight;
Then let my fair Mistress for ever be true,
And Beauty shall Power and Wisdom subdue.

So sweet are her charms,
I'le quit without terms,
The splendour of Empire and Trophies of Arms;

Oh let me be bleſt in my dear Oenone,
And give the Ambitious the Mitre and Crown.

Paris gives the Golden Apple to *Venus*, at which *Juno* and *Pallas* ſeem to ſtorm.

Juno. Thy fondneſs, filly Shepherd, ſhall deſtroy
The late enlarged Monarchy of *Troy*;
When *Grecian* Swords and Fire thy houſe devour,
No God ſhall guard thee from my injur'd power.
Pallas. I'le your infatuated minds prepare,
To urge ſwift ruine and deſtructive War;
Neglected Wiſdom near that fatal hour,
Shall leave the City, when I quit the Tow'r.

Exeunt Juno & Pallas.

Venus. *Saturn*'s proud daughter, to thy office hie,
Go mind thy Match-making and Midwifrie.
And what's dame *Pallas* with her pining train?
A ſordid Inſect, bred of *Jove*'s hot brain.
Go threaten Children with your Bug-bear rods,
My Son, my Husband, and Gallant are Gods.
Love! — Love's thy Province! — let Fools and Stoicks care,
I rule the mighty Gods of Fire, Love, and War.

Exit Venus.

Song between *Paris* and *Oenone*.

Paris. *To the Grove, gentle Love, let us be going,*
Where the kind ſpring and wind all day are wooing;
He with ſoft ſighing blaſts ſtrives to o'retake her,
She would not, though ſhe flies, have him forſake her.
Oenone. *But in circling rings returning,*
And in purling whiſpers mourning,
She ſwells and pants as if ſhe'd ſay,
Fain I would but dare not ſtay.

Paris. *Strait he gets all the ſweets on the banks ſpreading,*
Which he brings on his wings where his Nymph's hiding,
In ſome cloſe hollow creek kind Nature ſhades her,
In the green Willow tree he Serenades her.

Oenone. *And to gain her chaſt embraces,*
Sends his notes to loſty places;
In calms they lye and ſeem to ſay,
Stormy care drives love away.

Paris. *There the loud buſie Croud never ſhall part us,*
Nor no kind fawning friend from love divert us;
We'l to each other be friends, fame and treaſure,
And no unruly thought ſhall ſtain our pleaſure.
Oenone. *Time and Nature ever ſmiling,*
Shall forget their Arts of killing;
And all the Gods aloud ſhall ſay,
Love ſo chaſt ſhould ne're decay.

A Dance by *Paris* and *Oenone*.

Sung by ſeveral.

1. *Oh how delightfull is Love, and how ſtrong,*
When Beauty and Virtue are joyn'd in the young.
Chorus. *Oh how*, &c.
When, &c.

2. *The flaſhes of Vices intemperate joys,*
Are haunted with noiſe of Drunkards and Boys:
3. *And when the ſhort blaze of Beauty decays,*
With ſpight and contempt on the aſhes they gaze.
Chorus. *Oh how*, &c.
When, &c.

1. *For the ruine of Virtuous Beauties are ſtill,*
Ador'd like old Temples where Deities dwell.
2. *Fair Virtue keeps love ſtill alive in the heart,*
When Age has o'recome Youth, Beauty and Art.
Chorus of all Voices and Inſtruments.
Oh how, &c.
When, &c.

A Dance to this Chorus.

FINIS.

Epilogue, *ſpoken by a young Lady.*

LIke cloiſter'd Nuns with virtuous zeal inſpir'd,
From publick noiſe, and vicious eaſe retir'd,
Here we have all that's by the good admir'd.
While thus the looſeſt of our time is ſpent,
'Tis advantageous, ſweet, and innocent.
And when our thoughts to ſerious things are bent,
One in rich works with lively colours tells
Lucretia's Rape, or mourning *Philomels:*
Each chaſt beholder ſighs and drops a tear,
To burn the well-wrought Silk they ſcarce forbear,
So ſad and moving does the work appear:
Oh that the Raviſher were here! one cries,
Thus would I rend the bloudy Tyrant's eyes;
Then for his crime ſome harmleſs Flower dyes,
Whoſe falling head, as if indeed 'twere pain'd,
Sheds dewie tears upon the murth'rers hand.
Some Hero's praiſe in ſacred Verſe kept long,
Another ſings to th' Lute ———
While ev'ry ſtring ſeems turn'd into a tongue,
And ſends ſoft ecchoes to the joyfull Song.
Anothers diff'rent mind more pleaſure takes,
In various forms to mould the painted Wax;
Such ſhape, ſuch beauty in each piece is ſhown,
Nature ſits pale, or bluſhing on her own,
To ſee her pride by curious Art out-done.
While buzzing Infamy, with venom'd wing,
Haunts clam'rous pleaſures that in Cities ring,
Thus we enjoy the ſweets without the ſting.
When riper age with flatt'ring care's oppreſs'd,
Toil'd with falſe joys, 'twill ſadly be confeſs'd,
Of all our lives theſe happy hours were beſt.